

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, KANSAS.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

When birds are singing fine and free,
In spring's bright, balmy weather,
And not a cloud shade skirts the lee,
For days and days together,
What pleasures fair does fancy yield?
For all my heart is yearning
To be with sturdy farm-a-field,
The loamy furrows turning.

Bright fancy hovers ever near,
And whispers: "You shall gather,
For every seed you scatter here,
Ten-fold, aye, hundred, rather."
And spite of all her fallacies,
I buckle on my "armor,"
—(Loose "coveralls" and "gaiters")
And start, a hopeful farmer.

"There never yet was seen such wheat
As this, for whose salvation
I wrestle with the clintz and cheat,
To 'paralyze' the nation.
Such corn, such millet, and such hay
Shall follow my fine farming
That all the neighborhood shall say:
"His management is charming."

And so, with every pulse a-thrill,
And heart with high hopes beating,
I plow and till, with right good will,
Ne'er dreaming of defeating
But rains descend, and torrents pour;
The prospect's not enchanting;
For all my fields are flooded o'er,
Just when I should be planting.

"The rust and cheat destroy my wheat,
The bugs, my 'early roses';
My corn is light—the crop's a cheat,
As autumn soon discloses.
I've toiled like any rascally slave,
From dawn till candle lighting,
And now can only hope to save
A little by hard fighting."

I fight myself at five o'clock
Right off my downy pillow,
Though every fiber feels the shock,
And begs me to lie still, oh!
I then, perforce, must hoe and weed,
And feel a very sinner
Because I'd rather go and read,
Or write, or rest, till dinner.

As one by one my hopes take wing,
I'm savage as a corsair;
And wage on awful things
A bitter, constant warfare.
I fight the pigs, the grubs, the moles,
The burrows and the chickens,
I fight the gnats and the flies,
And still my foes rank thicken.

I fight the cockle-bugs and frosts;
The "running vines" and thistles;
I fight, no matter what the cost,
By throwing deadly missiles.
Each great-eyed, gaunt, marauding cow,
Which may the gate's latch rattle;
I fight the whole world, yet, somehow,
I'm whipped in every battle.

And yet in spite of toil and tan,
And crops with awful shocks,
I count myself a happy man,
If I can pay my mortgage,
And so each year's recurring round
Repeats the same old story,
And every autumn I am found
With neither gold nor glory.

Now, whether 'tis the singing birds,
Or blossoms in their season,
The sweet fresh air, the flocks and herds,
I can not tell the reason,
But this I say, as every day
I buckle on my armor,
Success may be some other way;
I'll fail a happy farmer.

—Detroit Free Press.

BEEES AND BEE-HUNTING.

Pursuit of the Busy Insects in Various Countries.

"Heralds of Civilization" in the West—
Noteworthy "Takes"—A Bear Comes
to the Rescue of a Hunter—A
Bishop's Bank.

There are, it is said, no fewer than twenty-seven genera, and one hundred and seventy-seven species of bees, natives of Great Britain. But one only of all these, the *Apis mellifica*, or common honey-bee, has been domesticated. Attempts have been made with others, especially with the *lucorum*, or bumble-bee, but without any adequate success.

The frequent mention of honey in the Old Testament from the patriarchal ages downward, and the description of Palestine as "a land flowing with milk and honey," may well have raised the question whether the honey was obtained from bees in a wild condition or in a state of domestication. The weight of evidence is in favor of the former. In the somewhat wandering life, as "strangers and pilgrims," which many of the patriarchs led, bee-culture would have been very inconvenient, if not impossible; and as honey was to be had in rich abundance simply for the seeking, there would be little inducement to undertake unnecessary cares and labors in the domestication of the native variety. There is no question, however, as to the possibility of inducing wild bees to accept domestication. In Cashmere and the north of India, the natives have a simple and ready method of doing this; in building their houses, they leave cavities in one of the walls having a sunny aspect, with a small hole like that of a modern hive opening outwards. The inner side of the wall is fitted with a frame of wood with a door attached. A swarm of bees in search of a new home—or perhaps the pioneers who are sent a day or two before the actual swarming, to seek out a dwelling-place—would be attracted by such an "open door," and the family, or army, of twenty, or thirty thousand strong, would at once take possession. The vacant space would soon be filled by the busy workers; and the inmates of the house, having access to the store by means of the open door, could move a comb or two at pleasure, without distressing the bees, simply using the precaution of blowing in as much smoke at the back as would cause the bees to fly out the front. English travelers report having seen the operation performed, and the bees quietly return when the work was done. The plan has been recommended for use in this country. It is at least practicable, if not necessary. In dwelling-houses there might be risks, which would not apply to farm-buildings and erections around a country house. But if man has not utilized this plan, the bees themselves have acted upon it. An instance of two within the writers own knowledge may not be uninteresting.

I was the tenant of Rose Cottage, Brenchley, Kent, from 1853 to 1862. The house, which has been considerably altered since, was well adapted for such a purpose. The upper part of the walls were formed, as is common in that part of the country, externally of tiles on a framework of wood, and internally of lath and plaster. In the cavities there would be ample space for large stores of comb and honey. A swarm of bees took possession of a portion of the front wall, having a south-south-east aspect, entering this abode through a crevice between the tiles just over one of the chamber windows. They held possession for several years, and still held their own when I left the cottage. As they never swarmed, it is almost certain there must have been a large collection of honey, but for some reason or other, chiefly, no doubt, on account of the difficulty of taking the honey without injuring the house and exposing the whole family to the attacks of the bees, I profited in no way by their busy labors.

Less than ten years ago, when making a call at the old farmhouse, Penrhos, Llynshall, Herefordshire, my attention was directed to a colony of bees which had made a settlement in the upper part of one of the walls of the house. I suggested the removal of a portion of the inner wall, and predicted a large "find." After some time, this advice was acted on; but the farmer adopted a plan which I should have strongly deprecated—the plan of destroying with brimstone the entire bee community. The store of honey was so great that every available keeler and pan in the house was filled to the extent of nearly two hundred weight.

Two other instances may be cited, as reported in the West Surrey Times. One is that of an extraordinary "take" of honey from the walls of the Hantbury and Fiddle Inn, Ockham, Surrey. The outer walls of the house are about three feet in thickness, and at the very top of the third story a colony of bees had established themselves, holding undisturbed possession for a number of years. At length the inn-keeper determined to find out their whereabouts. After a diligent search under the roof, a piece of comb was found. Descending to one of the upper bed-rooms, chisel and hammer went to work, and a square of about two feet was opened in the front wall; here a large mass of comb was discovered; and after fumi-gating the bees, about one hundred and twenty pounds of honey were secured. Another and still more extraordinary "take" of honey was secured at Winter's Hall, Bramley, Surrey, the seat of Mr. George Barrett. Some bees had long held possession of a space between the ceiling of the coach-house and the granary; on effecting an entrance, about three hundred weight of honey was secured.

In some countries the honey-bee still roams at will and uncontrolled; this is notably the case in the western parts of the United States and Canada. The discovery of their natural hives for the purpose of securing the honey is the calling of a class of persons known as bee-hunters. A writer of considerable repute thus speaks on this subject: "The beautiful forests in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild-bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man, and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of men; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadily preceding it, as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient (early) settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians, with surprise, found the moldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the great relish with which they banquet for the first time upon the unthought luxury of the wilderness. At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, 'a land flowing with milk and honey'; for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the seashore, while the flowers with which they are enameled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee."

A bee-hunt must be a very exciting adventure, and, as most people would think, attended with considerable risk; but the ingenuity of the settlers, and especially of the bee-hunters, who make a living of the business, is equal to the occasion. Let us, for the sake of greater brevity, suppose a case, which is, however, little other than a narrative of simple facts. A party sets out in quest of a bee-tree—a tree in the cavity of which a colony of bees have established themselves. The party is headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, bony fellow, with his homespun dress hanging loosely about him, and a hat which might be taken for a beehive. A man similarly attired attends him, with a long rifle on his shoulder. The rest of the party, six in number, are armed with axes and rifles. Thus equipped, they are ready for any sport, or even more serious business. Reaching an open glade on the skirts of the forest, the party halts, and the leader advances to a low bush, on which he places a piece of honeysuckle. This is a lure for the bees. In a very short time several are humming about it and diving into the cells. Laden with honey, they rise into the air and dart off in a straight line with almost the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watch attentively the course they take and set off in the same direction, still watching the course of the bees. In this way the tree which the bees have made their home is reached. But it will often happen, as may be suspected, that the bees will elude the sight of the most vigilant hunter, and the party may wander about without succeeding in finding any treasure. Another method is this: adopted; a few bees are caught and placed in a small box with a glass

top, having at the bottom a small piece of honeysuckle. When they have satisfied themselves with honey, two or three are allowed to escape, the hunters taking care to observe the direction of their flight and to follow them as rapidly as possible. When these bees are lost sight of, two or three others are set free and their course followed, and so on until the identical tree has been reached. It sometimes happens that one set of bees take an opposite course to their predecessors. The hunter knows by this that he has passed the tree, or otherwise missed his mark, and he retraces his steps and follows the lead of the unerring bees. The sight of the bee is so strong and keen that it can descry its home at an immense distance. It is a well-ascertained fact that if a bee be caught on a flower at any given distance south of its home, and then be taken in a close box an equal distance north of it, the little creature, when set free, after flying in a circle for a moment, will take a straight course to its identical tree. Therefore, the hunter who has intelligence, patience and perseverance on his side is sure to be successful in the end.

It not infrequently happens that when in the immediate neighborhood of the tree, the hunter may not be able to distinguish the particular one he is searching for from the rest, as the entrance to the bee-castle is commonly many feet above the ground. He is not then at the end of his resources. A small fire is kindled, and upon a piece of stone or other suitable material made hot, some honeysuckle is placed; the smell will at once induce the whole colony of bees to come down from their citadel, when the hunters proceed with their axes to bring down the tree. A vigorous writer thus describes the proceedings, when the party of hunters had traced the honey-laden bees to their hive in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, into which, after buzzing about for a time, they entered at a hole about six feet high from the ground: "Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs in the meantime drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community; they continued to ply at their usual occupations; some arriving full-fledged into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchant-men in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length, down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defense against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspecting of its cause, remaining crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation."

When the tree had been brought down, the whole party fell to with spoon and hunting-knife to scoop out the combs with which the hollow trunk was stored. A single tree has been known to yield from one hundred weight to one and a half hundredweight. "Some of the combs were old and of a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been broken by the fall were devoured on the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy."

Not in America alone, but in Africa also, the wild-bee is an object of pursuit by the natives. Even the Hottentots show considerable shrewdness in obtaining the wild honey. The author of an "Expedition into the Interior of Africa" thus describes an operation of this kind: "One of the Hottentots observed a number of bees entering a hole in the ground which had formerly belonged to some animal of the weasel kind. As he made signs for us to come to him, we turned that way, fearing he had met with some accident." It was the home of a recent swarm. "When the people began to unearth the bees, I did not expect that we should escape being severely stung; but they knew so well how to manage an affair of this kind, that they robbed the poor bees with the greatest ease and safety. Before they commenced digging, a fire was made near the hole, and constantly supplied with damp fuel, to produce a cloud of smoke. In this the workmen were completely enveloped, so that the bees returning from the field were prevented approaching, and those which flew out of the nest were driven by it to a distance."

The same writer mentions another incident, even more interesting: "Whilst I was engaged in the chase one day on foot with a Namaqua attendant, he picked up a small stone, he looked at it earnestly, then over the plain, and threw it down again. I asked what it was. He said there was the mark of a bee on it. Taking it up, I also 'saw' on it a small pointed drop of wax, which had fallen from the bee in its flight. The Namaqua noticed the direction the point of the drop indicated, and walking on, he picked up another stone, also with a drop of wax on it, and so on at considerable intervals, till, getting behind a crag, he looked up, and bees were seen flying across the sky and in and out of a cleft in the face of the rock. Here, of course, was the honey he was in pursuit of. A dry bush was selected, a fire was made, the cliff ascended and the nest robbed in the smoke."

An amusing anecdote is related in "Feminine Monarchy," an old book printed in 1609, and given by a Russian ambassador to Rome as "written out of experience by Charles Butler." A man was out in the woods searching for honey. Climbing a large hollow

tree, he discovered an immense "find" of the luscious produce. By some means, however, he missed his footing, and slipped into the hollow, sinking up to his breast in honey. He struggled to get out, but without avail. He called and shouted, but alike in vain. He was far from human habitation, and help there was none, for no one heard his cries. At length, when he had begun to despair of deliverance, he was extricated in a most remarkable and unexpected way. Strange to say, another honey-hunter came to the same tree in the person of a large bear, which, smelling the honey, the scent of which had been diffused by the efforts of the imprisoned man, mounted the tree and began to lower himself, hand-part first, into the hollow. The hunter, rightly concluding that the worst could be but death, which he was certain of if he remained where he was, caught the bear around the loins with both hands, at the same time shouting with all his strength. The bear, what with the handling and the shouting, was very seriously frightened, and made speed to get out of his fix. The man held fast, and the bear pulled until, with his immense strength, he drew the man fairly out of his strange prison. The bear being released, made the best of his way off, more frightened than hurt, leaving the man, as the story quaintly says, "in joyful fear."

We conclude this paper with a story of another kind, a version of which was given some years ago in a contemporary; but the French Bishop was turned into an English prelate, and the bee-keeping cure into an Anglican clergyman, the story being otherwise greatly changed. The said French Bishop, while paying a visit to his clergy, was much distressed by the extreme poverty which met him everywhere. Reaching the house of a certain curate who lived in the midst of very poor parishioners, where he expected to witness even greater destitution, he was astonished to find that every thing about the house wore an appearance of comfort and plenty. Greatly surprised by what he saw, the Bishop asked: "How is this, my friend? You are the first pastor I have seen having a cheerful face and a plentiful board. Have you any income independent of your cure?"

"Yes," said the curate, "I have. My household would otherwise starve on the pittance I receive from my poor people. If you will walk into the garden, I will show you the stock which yields me such excellent interest."

On going into the garden, the Bishop saw a long range of beehives.

"There," said the curate; "there is the bank from which I draw an annual dividend; and it is one that never stops payment."

The fact was that his honey supplied the place of sugar, leaving him a considerable quantity for sale, in addition to other household uses. Then, of the washings of the comb and refuse honey, he manufactured a very palatable wine, while the wax went far to pay his shoemaker's bill.

Ever afterwards, it is said, when any of the clergy complained to the Bishop of poverty, he would tell the story of the bee-keeping cure, following up his anecdote with the advice: "Keep bees!—keep bees!"—Chambers' Journal.

RENOVATING OLD CLOTHES.

Useful Suggestions for Economical and Frugal Housekeepers.
Black silk can be made to look almost as good as new by sponging on the right side with weak tea or coffee, and pressing on the same side with a piece of flannel between the silk and the iron. If the silk is badly wrinkled, sponge with weak gum-arabic water on the wrong side and iron between two woolen cloths.

The following mixture is highly recommended as an excellent preparation for sponging woolen clothes to clean them: Two ounces of white castile soap, cut in small bits and dissolved in one quart of warm water. After the soap is dissolved, add four ounces of ammonia, four ounces alcohol, two ounces of ether, one ounce of glycerine and three quarts of soft water. Mix and bottle, using rubber or glass stoppers for the bottles. To use, pour a quantity of the fluid into an earthen dish, lay the goods on the ironing table, on a piece of rubber cloth, and sponge with the mixture, wetting thoroughly and always drawing the sponge in the same direction. When the goods are nearly dry, press with a hot iron under a piece of white cloth if the goods are light colored, or under black if the goods are dark. Remove the rubber cloth before pressing, and be sure there are no creases in the ironing blanket, as every one will leave a streak in the goods.

Rusty black goods can be best restored by sponging with strong ammonia water, or, what is better, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol.

Grease spots can be taken from goods of any color by covering the spot with pipe clay. Powder the clay and moisten with water to the consistency of thick cream; spread on the spot and let dry; leave on several hours and then remove with the blunt edge of a knife, and dust with a soft brush. To remove paint, apply turpentine till the paint is soft, then sponge repeatedly with alcohol. Oil, wax and resinous substances may be removed in this way. Spots made by rust on woollens may sometimes be removed by citric acid, but before applying, test on a bit of the material, as the acid sometimes changes the color of the goods.

Rinse rusty black lace in a teacupful of soft water, to which one tablespoonful each of borax and alcohol have been added. When the lace is partly dry, dip in water in which an old black kid glove has been boiled, pull out the edges, pin on a sheet of blotting paper and dry under a heavy weight.—Farm and Fireside.

—A woman in Albany attempted suicide the other day because her husband was out of work and she thought she added to his burdens. She was sent to the House of Shelter, and when her husband returned with employment he found her glad to be alive.—Albany Journal.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

How by Energy and Industry She Has Built Up a Large Business.

Down on Chartres street there is a flourishing factory, running an engine of eighteen horse-power and employing thirty-five men, women and boys, that has been established, built up, and is now under the sole direction and supervision of a clever, plucky woman. Ten years ago this lady's husband died, leaving her utterly unprovided for, with a large family of children to support. In just such desperate circumstances has many a mother had to face the world, but there are few, unfortunately, who have the energetic determination of this little widow.

Her husband had been a box-maker, employing a number of Northern hands, from whom his wife had learned every department of the trade, little guessing when she sat up at night to help the girls out in the work given them by the piece that this same knowledge would one day stand her in such good stead. But so it was, for after failure in business and a long illness the husband died, leaving debt instead of money to his family.

Something had to be done, she says, and that done quickly, for there was not money enough ahead to pay even the eight dollars rent for the attic in which they lived. A brave heart and high courage, that refused to be daunted, helped her to decide on turning her knowledge of box-making to practical account, and way up-stairs, in the flat-roofed, crowded garret, she began her work, making herself every variety of paper box the market demands.

She went around to the wholesale confectioners, druggists, shoe shops, milliners, every business house that used large quantities of these packing-cases soliciting patronage and meeting with marked success, being another grateful woman to testify to the universal courtesy, kindness and goodwill New Orleans people show to the working classes. So many orders did she receive that in a few months she was enabled to double the space occupied and descend one story. Another year went by, and the trade having grown to large and flourishing proportions, warranting another increase, the third story was added, and this factory was no longer an experiment, but an establishment of reputation.

The successful manager traveled for her house, getting orders from all parts of Louisiana, and going on drumming tours through Texas that always resulted in a large increase of patrons. A fact of which she seemed most proud was that when she once secured customers they were hers always. Two large houses she mentioned here in the city, that had first given her work, had never wavered; she made hundreds of boxes for them to-day.

Three years passed, and at last the cautious head saw her business guaranteed, adding the fourth and ground floor to the three others, now too crowded. Then the exposition came, with its countless engines for all manner of work, and one was found that would very nearly double the capacity of her factory. She bought it, had it placed, and then felt the battle had been fought, a good fight won; for, thanks to her own unflinching courage and the help of kind friends, she was mistress of an establishment of which many men would be proud. To-day there is no box, from the small dark-blue sample box that fastens with an elastic to the large dry-goods packing-case, that can not be made by her workmen. Every variety is to be seen heaped and stacked on all sides. Hundreds of yellow patent-medicine covers, tall pyramids of round and square milliners' boxes, fancy cases for candy, and big green drawers that hold notions on a shop shelf, all can be made by her employees, most of them having grown up in the business.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

CAMPAIGN PLEDGES.

How a Candidate for a Dakota Legislature Strengthened His Cause.

"Now, see here," said a constituent to Colonel McBride, who is a candidate for the Legislature, "if you are elected are you going up there to sell your vote for a paltry sum?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"You won't sell out unless you get a good price?"

"That's it exactly."

"Won't snap up the first offer when by playing off a little you can tap the parties twice as heavy?"

"Of course not."

"What will be your lowest figure?"

"Well, I suppose my vote ought to be worth fifty dollars on the most important measure. On matters that will stand more it will range higher, of course."

"Certainly. Now in the case of a railroad company?"

"I shall never do any thing for a grasping railroad corporation for less than one thousand dollars and passes for my friends."

"That's the way to talk. Now if you thought you could strike them for five thousand dollars, could you rise to the occasion?"

"I am positive that I could."

"Will you give your support to any measure without spot cash?"

"I may to motions to adjourn, to nothing else, however."

"That's what we want to hear. Now another point. In case you think you can get a normal school or an insane asylum located here, what are you going to do for us?"

"I am willing to pledge myself to put one half I have taken in up to that time where it will do the most good."

"You're the man for us and that will elect you! Your rival makes just as good pledges about disposing of his vote but I couldn't get him to promise to come down for the good of the town. He said he wanted to save all he made to use in getting elected another time. I don't blame him for looking out for the future but we have got to have some public improvements to keep up with the other towns. I'll tell the boys the promise you make, and you'll be elected all right."—Estimate (D. T.) Bell.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Rose bushes should have all the decayed branches cut out and the stronger shoots shortened about one-third. It will improve both their growth and appearance.—Field and Farm.

—Apple Pudding: Pulp of two or three large baked apples, white of one egg, one cup powdered sugar. Beat the ingredients half an hour and serve with boiled custard poured over it. This is very nice.—Boston Globe.

—Ferns grow well in sunshine if they have plenty of moisture. A fernery should not be always darkened and should have a double bottom to prevent the water from becoming stagnant. The soil should be light and fibrous.—Chicago Herald.

—Lined oil rubbed on briskly with a piece of felt will usually remove the white water-mark or ring on the wood of table tops or sideboards, that is made where goblets or pitchers are left to stand that are not perfectly dry underneath.—N. Y. Observer.

—The best time to plant strawberries is as soon as vegetation starts in the spring, so as to get the benefit of all the spring showers. We can plant with success in May or June by removing all the fruit stems and nearly all the leaves. The time for planting in autumn is when the new plants are fully matured, about the middle of August, or later, when the nights get cool.—Albany Journal.

—Baked Pears: If a moderate oven is at command for several hours in succession, a very nice method is to prepare the fruit the same as for lemon or ginger-pears, but without any seasoning, and placing them in a jar, cover closely, and bake very gently five or six hours. Then the juice may be poured off, the seasoning added; all boiled up and poured over the fruit. Serve cold.—Baptist Weekly.

—A good tooth-beautifier is powdered sulphur, which is also an excellent tooth preserver. This may be used daily. For occasional use, say once a week, the following is a good recipe: Pumice-stone, one ounce; bicarbonate of soda, one-half ounce; powdered talc, one-half ounce. Fresh-looking lips, clean, white teeth, and a breath like "sweet frankincense, also and myrrh," will make up for many a deficiency in feature.—Chicago Tribune.

—A garden soil that has been brought up into a high state of fertility is capable of producing two or even more light, green garden crops in a season. In fact it loses less of heat and fertility to grow a second crop than it would to lie idle or grow a crop of weeds that are pretty sure to go to seed. After the first green peas, radishes, etc., are off, set out cabbage plants, or plant late cabbages or sow turnips. Keep the soil rich and active. Never allow the weeds to take possession in any part of the growing season.—Chicago Journal.

FATTENING FOWLS.

Peculiar Advantages of a Simple Method Tested with Great Success.

Dr. Bennett says, according to his experience, feeding-houses, at once warm and airy, with earth floors well raised, and capacious enough to accommodate twenty or thirty fowls, have always succeeded best. The floor may be slightly littered down, the litter often changed and the greatest cleanliness observed. Sandy gravel should be placed in several different layers and often changed. A sufficient number of troughs for both water and food should be placed around, that the stock may feed with as little interruption as possible from each other, and perches in the same proportion should be furnished for those birds which are inclined to perch, which few of them will desire after they have begun to fatten, but which helps to keep them easy and contented until that period. In this mode fowls may be fattened to the highest pitch and yet preserved in a healthy state, their flesh being equal in quality to the barn-door fowl. To suffer fattening fowl to perch is contrary to the general practice, since it is supposed to bend and deform the breast bone, but as soon as they become heavy and indolent from feeding they will rather incline to rest in straw, and the liberty of perching on the commencement of their cooping has a tendency to accelerate the period when they are inclined to rest on the floor.

It has always been a favorite maxim among breeders that the privation of light—by inclining fowls to a constant state of repose—excepting when moved by the appetite for food, promotes and accelerates obesity. It may possibly be so, though not promotive of health; but as it is no question that a state of obesity obtained in this way can not be a state of health, a real question arises—whether the flesh of animals so fed can equal in flavor, nutriment and solubility that of the same species fed in the natural way? Pecuniary and market interests may, perhaps, be best answered by the plan of darkness and close confinement; but a feeder for his own table, of delicate tastes, and ambitious of furnishing his board with the choicest and most salubrious viands, will declare for the natural mode of feeding; and in that view a feeding yard graveled and down with the different kinds of grasses, the room being open all day for the fowls to retire at pleasure, will have a decided preference as the nearest approach to the barn-door system.

Insects and animal food also form a part of the natural diet of poultry, are medicinal to them in a weakly state, and the want of such food may sometimes impede their thriving.

All practical and practicable plans have their peculiar advantages; among others, that of leaving poultry to forage and shift for themselves. But where a steady and regular profit is required from them, the best method, whether for domestic use or sale, is constant high keep from the beginning, whence they will not only be always ready for the table with very little extra attention, but their flesh will be superior in juiciness and rich flavor to those which are fattened from a low and emaciated state. Fed in this mode, the spring pullets are particularly fine, at the same time most nourishing and restorative food.—N. Y. Herald.